

I look out my window

It was a very quiet day in Cambridge Maryland
The town was covered in darkness while
Summer winds gathered over the river.

I look out my window
And into the first morning of summer
A summer to be full of sweet apples, juicy peaches and
Fat crabs with bake ducks from Grandma's kitchen.

Prayers of Barry Wyatt
My Prayers are express thought my songs
Linking my songs together creates stories

By Barry Wyatt